



"And I have not opposed you—the King—
"Opposed? No! Of course not!"
"Then," more hurriedly, "must you do something in return for me? I do not want my—wedding festivities—marred by anything unpleasant! Promise that nothing will happen to him, the Black Seigneur, until after—"
"Impossible!" The sudden violence her unexpected request awoke could not be concealed.
"Very well!" Before the anger in his gaze, her own eyes flashed like steel. "In that case, you can send the Marquis back! For I will not see him—today, tomorrow or any other time again!"
Long he looked at her; the white face; the tightly compressed lips; the eyes that would not flinch! They reminded him of another's—were of the same hue—so like, and yet so different! Unlike, in bespeaking a will he could not break! What he said, matters not; his face wore an ashy shade. She did not answer in words; but he felt, with strange bitterness, a revulsion; she seemed almost suddenly to have become hostile to him.
Gay voices sounded without; nearer; she walked to a door opposite the entrance their visitors were approaching. An instant, and she would have passed out, when the Governor spoke.
But the Marquis, stepping quickly in a few moments later, noted nothing amiss between them. "Your Excellency!" With filial respect he greeted the Governor. "My Lady!" Gaily, approvingly, his eye passed over her; then in that hall dedicated to chivalry, a graceful figure, he sank to his knee; raised a small cold hand, and pressed it to his lips.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Under World.
A coterie of brilliant folk soon followed in the wake of my lord, the Marquis' retinue; holy-day banners were succeeded by holiday ribbons; the misere of the multitude by means of merriment. Hymen, in ascending the leading role to which circumstances now assigned her, the Governor's daughter brought to the task less energy than she had displayed on that other occasion when visitors had sojourned at the rock. Her manner was changed—first, lukewarm; then, almost indifferent; until, at length, one day she fairly waived the responsibility of planning amusements; laid before them the question: "What, now, would they like to do?"
"Devise a play," said one.
"With shepherds and shepherdesses!"
The Marquis, however, qualified the suggestion. "A masque! that is very good; but for this morning—I have been talking with the commandant—and have another proposal—"
"Which is?"
"To visit the dungeons."
"The dungeons?" My lady's face changed.
"And incidentally inspect their latest guest! Some of you heard of him when we were here before—Le Seigneur Noir—the Black Seigneur!"
"Le Seigneur Noir!" They clapped their hands. "Yes, let us see him! Nothing could be better. What do you say, Elise?"
"She started to speak, but for the instant her lips could frame no answer; with a faint, strained smile, confronted him, when some one anticipated her reply.
"Did she not leave it to us? It is we who decide."
And a merry party they swept along, bearing her with them; up the broad stairway, cold, gray in the morn; beneath the abbot's bridge—black, spying span!—to the church, and thence to the isolated space before the guard-house to the dungeons. Here, at the sound of their voices, a man, carrying a bunch of keys—but outwardly the antithesis to the hunchback—peered from the entrance.
"Unless I am mistaken, the new jailer!" With a wave of his hand, the Marquis indicated this person. "The commandant was telling me his Excellency had engaged one—from Bicetre, or Fort l'Evêque, I believe?"
"Eloete, my lord!" said the man gravely. "And before that, the Bastille."
"Ah!" laughed the nobleman. "That pretty place some of the foolish people are grumbling about! As if we could do without prisons any more than without palaces! But we have come, my good fellow, to inspect this lower world of yours!"
The man's glance passed over the paper the Marquis handed him; then silently he moved aside, and unlocked the iron doors.
"Are you not coming?" At the threshold the Marquis looked back. When first they had approached the guard-house, involuntarily had the Governor's daughter drawn aside to the ramparts; now, with face half-averted; stood gazing off.

"Coming?" Surprised, the Marquis noted her expression; the fixed brightness of her eyes and her parted lips. "Oh, yes!" And turning abruptly, she hastened past him.
Would they have to be locked in?—the half-apprehensive query of one of the ladies caused the jailer at first to hesitate and then to answer in the negative. He would leave the doors from the outer room open, and himself await there the visitors' return. With which reassuring promise, he distributed lights; called a guard—man, familiar with the intricate underground passages, and consigned them to his care.
One of the gay procession, the Lady Elise stepped slowly forward; the guide proved a talkative fellow, and seemed anxious to answer their many inquiries concerning the place. The salle de la question? Yes, it existed; but the ancient torture devices for the "interrogatory ordinary" and the "interrogatory extraordinary" were no longer pressed into service; the King had ordered them relegated to the shelves of the museum. The cabanons, or black holes? Louis XI. built them; the carceres duri and vade in pace, however, dated from Saint Mauritius, fourth abbot of the Mount.
"And the Black Seigneur? How have you accommodated him?"
"In the petit exil; just to the left! We are going there now."
"—am going back!" A hand to obey the arm of the Marquis, last of the file of visitors, and, lifting his hand, he held it so that the yellow glimmer played on the face of the Governor's daughter. Her eyes looked deeper; full of dread, as if the very spirit of the subterranean abode had seized her. He started.
"Surely you, Elise, are not afraid?"
"I prefer the sunlight," she said hurriedly in a low tone. "It—it is not cheerful down here! No; do not call the guide—or let the others know. I'll return alone, and—wait for you at the guard-house."
He, nevertheless, insisted upon accompanying her; but, indicating the not distant door through which they had come, she professed to make light of objections, and when he still clung to the point, replied with a flash of spirit, sudden and passionate. It compelled his acquiescence; left him surprised for a second time that day; a little hurt, too, perhaps, for heretofore had their intimacy been maintained on a strictly ethical and charming plane. But he had no time for analysis; the others were drawing away to the left, into a side passage; and, with a last backward glance toward the retreating figure, the Marquis reluctantly followed the majority.

Despite, however, her avowed repugnance for that under-world, my lady showed now no haste to quit it; for scarcely had the others vanished than she stopped; began slowly to retrace her way in the direction they had taken. When the door opened to the petit exil connected with the main aisle, a sudden draft of air extinguished her light; yet still she went on, led by the voices, and a glimmer afar, until reaching a room, low, massive, as if hewn from the solid rock, again she paused. Drawing behind a heavy square pillar, she gazed at the lords and ladies assembled in the forbidding place; listened to a voice that ran on, as if discoursing about some anomalous thing. Again was she cognizant of their questions; a jest from my lord, the Marquis; she saw that several stole forward; peered, and started back, half afraid.
But, at length, they asked about the oubliettes, and, chatting gaily, left. Their garments almost touched the Governor's daughter; lights played about the gigantic pillars, and like will-o'-the-wisps whisked away. Now, staring straight ahead toward the chamber they had vacated, my lady's attention became fixed by a single dot of yellow—a candle placed in a niche by the jailer's assistant. It seemed to fascinate; to draw her forward; across the portals—into the room itself!
How long she stood there in the faint suggestion of light, she did not realize; nor when she approached the iron-barred aperture, and what she first said! Something eager, solicitous, with odd silences between the words, until the impression of a motionless form, and two steady, cynical eyes fastened on her, brought her to an abrupt pause. It was some time before she continued, more coherently, an explanation about her apprehension on account of her father, which

mon assassin?" a satirical voice interposed.
"My father hates you, and you—"
"My Lady has, perhaps, a standard of her own for judging!"
Unmindful of ironical incredulity, she related how she had been forced to take refuge in the wheel-house; how, when Sanchez had seen her, alarmed she had fled blindly down the passage; waited, then hearing them all coming, at a loss what else to do, had opened the wheel-house door; run into the store-room! What she had seen from there, disconnectedly, also she referred to; his rescue of the others; his remaining behind to bear the brunt—as brave an act as she knew of! Her tone became tremulous.
"Who betrayed me?" His voice, bold and scoffing, interrupted.
She answered. It was like speaking to some one in a tomb. "The soldier you bound gave the alarm."
From behind the bars came a mocking laugh.
"You don't believe me?" She caught her breath.
"Believe? Of course."
"You don't!" she said, and clung tighter to the iron grating. "And I can't make you!"
"Why should your Ladyship want to? What does it matter?"
"But it does matter!" wildly. "When your servant accused me that day in the cloister I did not answer nor deny; but now—"
"Your Ladyship would deny?"
"That I betrayed you at Casque? Here? Yes, yes!"
"Or at the wheel-house when you called to warn the soldiers?"
"You were about to—throw yourself over!" she faltered.
"And your Ladyship was apprehensive lest the Black Seigneur should escape?"
"Escape?" she cried. "It was death."
"And the alternative? My lady preferred to see the outlaw taken—die like a felon on the gallows!"
"No; no! It was not that."
"What then?" His eyes gleamed bright; her own turned; shrank from them. A moment she strove to answer; could not. Within the black recess a faint light from the flickering candle played up and down. So complete the stillness, so dead the very air, the throbbings of her pulses filled the girl with a suffocating sense of her own vitality.
"I spoke to my father to try to get your cell changed," she at last found herself irrelevantly saying; "but could do nothing."
"I thank your Ladyship! But your Ladyship's friends will be far away. Your Ladyship may miss something amusing!"
"I did not bring them—did not want them to come!"
"No?"
Her figure straightened.
"Perhaps, even, they are not aware they are here?"
"They are not, unless—"
"Elise!" From afar a loud call interrupted; reverberating down the main passage, was caught up here and there. "Elise! Elise!" The whole under-world echoed to the name.
"I promised to meet them at the guard-house," she explained hurriedly. And hardly knowing what she did, put out her hand, through the bars, toward him. In the darkness a hand seized hers; she felt herself drawn; held against the bars. They bruised her shoulder; hurt her face. The chill of the iron sent a shudder through her; though the pain she did not feel; she was cognizant only of a closer view of a figure; the chains from him to the wall; the bare, damp floor—then, of a voice low, tense, that now was speaking:
"Your Ladyship, indeed, found means to punish a presumptuous fellow, who dared displease her. But ma foi! she should have confined her punishment to the offender. Those stripes inflicted on him, my old servant! Think you I knew not it was my Lady's answer to the outlaw, who had the temerity to speak words that offended—"
"You dream that! You imagine that!"
The warmth of his hand seemed to burn hers; her fingers, so closely imprisoned, to throb with the fierce beating of his pulses.
"I do not want you to think—I can't let you think," she began.
"Elise!" The searchers were drawing nearer.
She would have stepped back, but the fingers tightened on her hand.
"They will be here in a moment—"
Still he did not relinquish his hold; the dark face was next to hers; the piercing, relentless eyes studied the agitated brown ones. The latter cleared; met his fully an instant. "Believe!" that imploring wild glance seemed to say. Did his waver for a moment; the harshness and mockery soften on his face?
"Elise!" From but a short distance came the voice of the Marquis. A moment the Black Seigneur's hand gripped my lady's harder with a strength he was unaware of. A slight cry fell from her lips, and at once, almost roughly, he threw her hand from him.
"Bah!" again he laughed mockingly. "Go to your lover."
Released thus abruptly she wavered, straightened, but continued to stand before the dungeon as if incapable of further motion.
"Elise! Are you there?"
"There!" Caverns and caves called out.
"There!" gibed voices amid a labyrinth of pillars, and mechanically she caught up the candle; fled.
"Here she is!" Coming toward her quickly out of the darkness, the Marquis uttered a glad exclamation. "We have been looking for you everywhere. Did I not say you should not have attempted to return alone? Mon dieu!

"My Father Hates You, and You—"
had entirely left her when she peered through the window of the guard-house.
"You thought me, then, but a com-

you must have been lost!"
CHAPTER XXVI.
A New Arrival.
Thrice had the old nurse, Marie, assisting her mistress that night for the banquet, sighed; a number of times striven to hold my lady's eye and attention, but in vain. Only when the adorning process was nearly completed and the nurse knelt with a white slipper, did she, by a distinctly detaining pressure, succeed in arresting, momentarily, the other's bright strained glance.
"Is anything the matter?" My lady's absent tone did not invite confidences.
"My Lady—" the woman hesitated; yet seemed anxious to speak. "I—my Lady," she began again; with sign of encouragement from the Governor's daughter, would have gone on; but the letter, after waiting a moment, abruptly withdrew the silk-shou foot.
"The banquet! It is past the hour!" An instant she stood, not seeing the other or the expression of disappointment on the woman's countenance; then quickly walked to the door, as the Governor's daughter moved down the long corridor, with crimson lips set hard, was she cognizant of another face that looked out from one of the many passages of the palace after her—the face of a younger woman whose dark, spying eyes glowed and whose hands closed at sight of the vanishing figure!
The sound of gay voices, however, as she neared the banquetting hall, recalled my lady to a sense of her surroundings; at the same time a figure in full court dress stepped from the widely opened doors. An adequate degree of expectancy on his handsome countenance, my lord, the Marquis, who had been waiting, lover-fashion, for the first glimpse of his mistress that evening, now gallantly tendered his greetings.
Seldom, perhaps, had the ancient banquetting hall presented a more festive appearance. Fruits and flowers made bright the tables; banners medieval, trophies of many victories, trailed from the ceiling; a hundred lights were reflected from ornaments of crystal and dishes of gold. On every

hand an almost barbaric profusion impressed the guests with the opulence of the Mount; that few could sit in more state than this pale lord of the North, or few queens preside over a scene of greater splendor than their fair hostess, his daughter!
With feverish semblance of spirit, she took her place; beneath the keen eyes of his Excellency responded to sallies of wit, and only when between courses the music played, did her manner relax. Then, leaning on her elbow, with cheeks aflame and downcast eyes, she professed to listen to dainty strains—the sighing of the old troubadours, as imitated by a group of performers in costume on a balcony at one end of the hall.
"Charming!" The voice was the Marquis'; she looked at him, though her eyes conveyed but a shadowy impression. "You have quite recovered from your trip to the dungeons?"
"Quite!" With a sudden lift of the head.
"The dungeons?" His Excellency's gaze was on them. "I understand," looking at Elise, "you had a slight adventure?"
The glow on her cheek faded. "Yes." She seemed to speak with difficulty. "It—was too stupid!"
"To get lost? Say, rather, it was venturesome to have attempted to return alone."
"Just what I said to the Lady Elise!" broke in the Marquis. "And to have left us at a most interesting moment!"
"Interesting?" The Governor's steel-gray eyes regarded the speaker inquiringly.
(TO BE CONTINUED)



Caught the Answer, Which Came in Tones Deep and Strong.

\$100 Reward, \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing her work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by all druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

SORDID TALE OF T. R.'S FUND

Treasurer Sheldon and J. P. Morgan Tell of Millions Subscribed in 1904.

EIG FAVORS IN RETURN
Frick, Gould and Morgan Gave \$100,000 Each—Corporations Gave 73½ Per Cent. of Entire Amount Received.
John D. Archbold's statement that the Standard Oil company contributed \$100,000 to Mr. Roosevelt's campaign fund in 1904 was confirmed by George R. Sheldon, who succeeded Cornelius N. Bliss as treasurer of the Republican national committee.
Not only did the Standard Oil company give \$100,000 to elect Mr. Roosevelt president, but J. Pierpont Morgan & Co. gave \$100,000, H. C. Frick gave \$100,000, and George Gould gave another \$100,000. Mr. Sheldon testified that 73½ per cent of Mr. Roosevelt's total campaign fund was contributed by corporations.
Naturally these people gave their money freely to the Roosevelt campaign fund.
Testifying that he had contributed \$150,000 to the Roosevelt campaign fund in 1904 because he was "especially interested," Mr. J. P. Morgan added, "The only interest we had was in the welfare of the public."
Mr. Morgan emphasized his devotion to Mr. Roosevelt's political fortunes by the further statement that J. P. Morgan & Co.'s usual contribution to Republican campaign funds was only \$100,000; that he never heard of any donation by his firm to the Democrats; that when Mr. Taft was a candidate in 1908 the sum subscribed was \$30,000, and that this year neither he nor his banking house had subscribed a dollar.

How it Was All Done.

To grasp these pregnant facts we have only to recall a little modern history. In 1904 Mr. Roosevelt had his bureau of corporations in working order. Mr. Cortelyou, lately in control of it as secretary of commerce and labor, had been made chairman of the national Republican committee. He and Cornelius N. Bliss, treasurer, were collecting money. As George R. Sheldon, Mr. Bliss' successor, says, 73½ per cent of the funds received came from the menaced corporations.
If we do not find in these disclosures a sufficient explanation of J. P. Morgan & Co.'s "special interest" in Mr. Roosevelt's election, it is possible that later events may reveal it.
Mr. Roosevelt never prosecuted J. P. Morgan & Co.'s steel trust. He emphatically stopped the proceedings instituted by others against J. P. Morgan & Co.'s harvester trust. When the panic of 1907 was at its height he turned the resources of the treasury over to J. P. Morgan & Co., who used them and made money and reputation by the process. He met Gary and Frick, representing J. P. Morgan & Co.'s steel trust, before breakfast one morning and licensed them, in violation of law, to absorb the Tennessee Coal and iron company, thus giving J. P. Morgan & Co.'s steel trust a monopoly of high grade iron ore. He put Mr. Bacon, a partner of J. P. Morgan & Co., into the state department and the diplomatic service. He made Herbert Satterlee, J. P. Morgan's son-in-law, assistant secretary of the navy. In a letter to Attorney General Bonaparte he testified feelingly to the virtues of the "Morgan interests which have been so friendly to us." Never before was the "public welfare" so cheaply protected.

Extent of Morgan's Interests.

The "Morgan interests" are not confined to J. P. Morgan & Co. by any means. The Morgan interests comprehend life insurance companies, banks and trust companies, railroads and manufacturing enterprises. If the parent house increased its regular Republican contribution in 1904 because of its "special interest" we may easily imagine that the policy was widely imitated by affiliated corporations and individuals. Perhaps in this almost unexampled favor by the Morgan interests we shall find an explanation of the Roosevelt administration hostility to the Standard Oil interests, which have not always agreed with J. P. Morgan & Co. concerning "the welfare of the public."
It may be that the senate committee will be able to throw more light on this point, but it can hardly add anything to the scandal of the Morgan-Roosevelt alliance. It was Mr. Roosevelt who opened up to J. P. Morgan & Co. the possibilities of government by big business. It was Mr. Roosevelt who persuaded J. P. Morgan & Co. to plunge deeply into politics. It was Mr. Roosevelt who, consulting "the public welfare," registered the decrees of J. P. Morgan & Co. in the White House.
Not until Mr. Roosevelt had lost control of the Republican machinery and the law providing for publicity of campaign contributions had gone into effect did J. P. Morgan & Co. disappear from the list of regular contributors to the colossal corruption funds of the Republican party. Are J. P. Morgan & Co. now operating politically under cover of their recent partner, George W. Perkins?—New York World.

MICAH JENKINS DEAD.

SERVED IN FAMOUS "ROUGH RIDER" REGIMENT.
He Was Honored by His Fellow South Carolinians, Being Presented With Sword.
Charleston, Oct. 17.—Maj. Micah Jenkins, son of Gen. Micah Jenkins of the Confederate army, and himself the captain of the famous "Silk Stocking Troop" of the Rough Riders in the war with Spain, died here shortly after noon in his 50th year. Until a few weeks ago, when the office was abolished, Maj. Jenkins was collector of internal revenue at Columbia. At the time of his death he was deputy collector of internal revenue at Charleston. Maj. Jenkins was a graduate of West Point and served with distinction in the Indian wars. He subsequently resigned from the army, taking up planting in this State.
When the war with Spain broke out he joined the Rough Riders and was made captain of Troop K, known as the "Silk Stocking Troop" because of the large number of wealthy men serving in its ranks. For gallantry at the battle of San Juan Hill he was promoted to be a major and was presented with a medal by Col. Roosevelt, the commanding officer. The State of South Carolina, in recognition of his gallantry, voted to Maj. Jenkins a handsome sword. It was presented to the South Carolinian by President Roosevelt, when the latter visited the Charleston and West Indian exposition, then in progress in this city.
Maj. Jenkins will be buried tomorrow at the old family burying ground at Young's Island, near Charleston. He is survived by a widow and six children, and three brothers.

Fortunes in Faces.

There's often much truth in the saying "her face is her fortune," but its never said where pimples, skin eruptions, blotches, or other blemishes disfigure it. Impure blood is back of them all, and shows the need of Dr. King's New Life Pills. They promote health and beauty. Try them. 25 cents at Sibert's Drug Store.

It is rumored that the next Seaboard extension to be built will be the road from Florence to Allisons ferry where connection will be made with the road from Mullins to Georgetown.

"Mr. Jas V. Churchill, 90 Wall St., Auburn, N. Y., has been bothered with serious kidney and bladder trouble ever since he left the army, and says: 'I decided to try Foley Kidney Pills and they had cured so many people and I soon found they were just the thing. My kidneys and bladder are again in a healthy condition. I gladly recommend them.' Sibert's Drug Store.

Small Fire Thursday Afternoon.

The hose wagons and engine were called out Thursday afternoon about 2 o'clock to a small fire on the roof of one of the Wilson stores occupied by Sam Franklin, a colored merchant. The fire did little damage and was speedily extinguished.

A Log on the Track

of the fast express means serious trouble ahead if not removed, so does loss of appetite. It means lack of vitality, loss of strength and nerve weakness. If appetite fails, take Electric Bitters quickly to overcome the cause by toning up the stomach and curing the indigestion. Michael Hessheim of Lincoln, Neb., had been sick over three years, but six bottles of Electric Bitters put him right on his feet again. They have helped thousands. They give more blood, strong nerves, good digestion. Only 50 cents at Sibert's Drug Store.

The circus has come and gone and everybody seemed happy in having it here. Large crowds attended the performance both afternoon and night, although the crowd at night was not nearly so large as in the afternoon. With the departure of Howe Shows the second advance car of the Pawnee and Buffalo Bill shows made its appearance in town Friday morning.

Chronic Dyspepsia.

The following unsolicited testimonial should certainly be sufficient to give hope and courage to persons afflicted with chronic dyspepsia: "I have been a chronic dyspeptic for years, and of all the medicine I have taken, Chamberlain's Tablets have done me more good than anything else," says W. G. Mattison, No. 7 Sherman St., Hornsville, N. Y. Sold by all dealers.

The dance Wednesday night after the performance of the County Fair was well attended and was quite a successful affair.

Saved Leg of Boy.

"It seemed that my 14-year-old boy would have to lose his leg, on account of an ugly ulcer, caused by a bad bruise," wrote D. F. Howard, Aquone, N. C. "All remedies and doctors treatment failed till we tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and cured him with one box." Cures burns, boils, skin eruptions, piles. 25c at Sibert's Drug Store.

Morning is becoming interested and the business men are beginning to talk about doing something to induce Mr. Bonsal to put their town on his railroad map.

They Make You Feel Good.

The pleasant purgative effect produced by Chamberlain's Tablets and the healthy condition of body and mind which they create make one feel joyful. For sale by all dealers.